

Fully Within Her Ability?: Rashida's Devious Revenge and Alex's Willing Submission

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Fully Within Her Ability?: Rashida's Devious Revenge and Alex's Willing Submission

by [lefemmerougensfw](#)

Summary

Rashida is not happy with what Alexandria did after her "session" with that racist fuckwad and particularly not when that woman left Congress. She was terrible, but she thought there was a chance at changing her. That had been dashed. On one cold day in January 2026, she resolves to get back at Alexandria, inviting her to her house in Detroit, Michigan. She has a specific plan in mind, for which the Latina is not prepared...

Notes

I have been working and off on this fic since November of last year and only pushed forward to finish it recently. I went back-and-forth on which [Kinktober prompts](#) (can only be read if logged into Tumblr) to use, since my fic "[A Robotic Pleasure](#)," fulfilled prompts from two days. This fic fulfills prompts for days 9, 16, 22, 29, 30, and 31, in particular: orgasm delay/denial, discipline (to an extent), nipple play, conditioning (to an extent), sharing, lactation, wet and messy (to an extent), licking, and fingering.

Otherwise, this fic is inspired (and continuation from) my other AOC fics (plus my other Rashida fic) I have written. My two ILTV smutty fics are also listed in inspirations. Specifically, this story follows up with that happened in my fics "Taming an 'Unhinged' Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July," "Alexandria's Revenge and Marjorie's Surrender," and "The Vile Bigot Gets Tamed."

This story is further inspired AOC's commitment in an April NYC-DSA meeting to "voting 'no' for any spending on arms for Israel, including so-called 'defensive capabilities'" (and reinforced by a social media posting) as reported in The Guardian, Zionist press (Jewish Telegraph Agency) and City & State NY, all of which are listed in the inspirations. The latter noted that in 2025, she voted against an amendment "to the Department of Defense Appropriations Act proposed by...Marjorie Taylor Greene that would have stripped out funding for the Iron Dome from the must-pass defense bill," with AOC voting against the law and releasing "a statement explaining that she opposed sending 'offensive aid' to Israel but not 'defensive Iron Dome capacities.' Ocasio-Cortez's apparent willingness to send defensive weapons to Israel upset a number of her DSA comrades." Zionist Seth Mandel sneered in Commentary (in an article entitled "Outlawing Israeli Self-Defense") that AOC had "willing submission to the DSA's demands" and grumbled that "the new talking point is that there's really no such thing as purely defensive weapons," while claiming that this denied the "right" of Israel to "exist."

The piece in Commentary plus AOC's social media statement, cited in inspirations, which defended her political position ("The Israeli government is well able to fund the Iron Dome system, which has proven critical to keep innocent civilians safe from rocket attacks and bombardment...it is fully within their ability to fund Iron Dome and other defensive systems"), inspired me to write this, and put together the present title. The present title overrode the previous title: "A Crime Against Humanity?": Rashida's Revenge and Alex's Willing Submission."

In addition, this story is inspired by a [Vanity Fair article](#) which stated, "most of Ocasio-Cortez's family and close friends call her Sandy. A few, like Representative Ayanna Pressley, go with 'Alex,'" so I'm going with "Alex" here. Assorted articles on AOC (and Tlaib) in City and State NY, Newsweek, Zeteo, In These Times, Mondoweiss, and elsewhere, that are listed in the inspirations section, informed this fic, along with articles linked in the text itself. The same can be said for a post by vivangelist, which can only be read if logged into Tumblr. Some parts of this fic are inspired by the Wikipedia pages for Tlaib and DSA, and AOC's [Wikiquote page](#), plus Alamy images on July 15, 2019, linked at two points in the fic itself.

As always, comments and concrit are welcome. Thanks to all who read my smutty fics. I deeply appreciate it. This fic has been cross-posted on [Squidge World](#) and [Adult Fanfiction](#) (entitled "Rashida's Devious Revenge and Alex's Willing Submission"). It will later be cross-posted on the Internet Archive.

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

- Inspired by ["I'll do anything you desire": Alexandria the Dominatrix and Marjorie's Coerced Submission](#) by [lefemmerougensfw](#)
- Inspired by [Taming an "Unhinged" Woman: Rashida Tlaib and What Happened that July](#) by [lefemmerougensfw](#)
- Inspired by [Alexandria's Revenge and Marjorie's Surrender](#) by [lefemmerougensfw](#)
- Inspired by [The Vile Bigot Gets Tamed](#) by [lefemmerougensfw](#)
- Inspired by [I Want You Inside of Me](#) by [lefemmerougensfw](#)
- Inspired by [Cardinal Lilly, Rae the Commoner, and What It Means to Feel](#) by [lefemmerougensfw](#)
- Inspired by [Is the DSA on a collision course with AOC?](#) by Peter Sterne [for City and State NY]
- Inspired by [Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez and Rashida Tlaib Break into Tears While Describing Migrant Detention Camp Conditions](#) by Nicole Goodkind [for Newsweek]
- Inspired by [There's No Such Thing As a 'Defensive Weapon'](#) by Harrison Man (for Zeteo)
- Inspired by [Socialists in the House: A 100-Year History from Victor Berger to Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez](#) by Maurice Isserman [In These Times]
- Inspired by [About](#) by Rashida Tlaib
- Inspired by [Tlaib Introduces Resolution Recognizing 78 Years of Ongoing Palestinian Nakba](#) by Rashida Tlaib
- Inspired by [The Shift: Tlaib introduces genocide resolution](#) by Michael Arria [for Mondoweiss]
- Inspired by [Red Atlas: One Night in November](#) by Adam Kaiser [for DSA's 'Democratic Left']
- Inspired by [The Israeli government is well able to fund the Iron Dome system, which has proven critical to keep innocent civilians safe from rocket attacks and bombardment](#) by Alexandria Ocasio-Cortez (on Twitter)

- Inspired by [AOC vows to block future US military aid to Israel, including for defensive systems](#) by Anna Betts (in The Guardian)
- Inspired by [AOC reportedly shifts on US aid to Israel, saying she opposes even defensive spending](#) by Jewish Telegraph Agency
- Inspired by [At DSA forum, AOC pledges not to vote for any military aid to Israel](#) by Peter Sterne [for City and State NY]
- Inspired by [Do Subliminal Messages Work While Sleeping? What Science Really Says](#) by Mike Tucker [for Altered Mind Waves]
- Inspired by [How to Listen to Subliminals Overnight: Complete Safety Guide & Best Methods \(2026\)](#) by Mike Tucker [for Altered Mind Waves]
- Inspired by [AOC's reasoning makes less sense the longer you sit with it](#) by vivangelist [can only be read if logged into Tumblr]

On a day that many set aside for pranks, Alexandria, a progressive stalwart, [declared](#) that the Israeli government could fund the vaulted "Iron Dome," which she claimed kept "innocent civilians safe from rocket attacks and bombardment" by itself. She further said she wouldn't support Congress sending "more taxpayer dollars and military aid to a government that consistently ignores international law and U.S. law." She went onto say that the allies of Benjamin Netanyahu in the Knesset approved a \$45 billion military budget, that Netanyahu "asserted his interest in withdrawing from the MOU with the United States in January" and said it was fully within the ability of Israelis to "fund Iron Dome and other defensive systems" on their own. She concluded her message by saying that "allies who need our military aid must understand that we will provide it consistent with the Leahy amendment and the foreign assistance act." This was a sea change from her stance a year before. Back then, she had been called a "genocidal con artist" by some, warmonger, a faux progressive, an elite, or a Zionist by others. Interestingly, she was contrasted negatively with Rashida.

[Some said](#) that she changed her tune as part of a supposed effort to "win over" her "left-wing critics." They went as far to say she had a plan to make it increasingly difficult for any "2028 presidential candidate to run to her left," and said that some of her critics had been satisfied. However, there was much more going on, something that had begun on a cold January day, something that she was not prepared for, but did not try to resist in any way, shape, or form.

As for Rashida herself, she was a single mother struggling to raise her children. She had held her own as a politician, and a member of the Squad, which originally included herself, Ilhan, Ayanna, and Alexandria. Back in 2019, they had all been close and became fast friends. However, recent political moves by the Latina had resulted in fissures in their friendship. She had taken more of a "hard-line" against Israel, which Alexandria had not accepted. They didn't talk as much as they used to.

She was especially frustrated, although she'd never admit it publicly, or even privately, with the Latina pushing that Christofascist to resign after a [certain time they had together](#), since she'd had a sexy time [with her too](#). She was jealous that Alex had done *it* with her. Beyond that, she wanted them to reconcile in such a way that they could become friends again. She didn't want their connection to fade away into nothing. At the same time, she wanted to make it clear to this woman that she wasn't someone who would shy away from asserting herself.

That day, in the early cold of January, when Congress was on break, the Latina came dressed in a winter coat and warm pants. She certainly couldn't *only* wear the zip-front short blue dress with leather shoulders, as she did back [in late July 2018](#). Later she wore that same exact dress while campaigning for Abdul El-Sayed, a Michigan Democratic gubernatorial [candidate](#). He would later run for the U.S. Senate against an establishment Democrat. She still had [that dress](#) and the accompanying zippered black leather booties. She knocked on the door of Rashida's house. It sat in the southwest side of Detroit's southwest side. The house was within a same working-class neighborhood she represented, and filled with Arab Americans, on a nice, calm, tree-lined street. Many jeered her as she stood there, calling her a "Zionist." She *hated* that. If only she could go back and vote differently.

"Welcome, Alex. Come on in." She was glad to be welcomed here. She had guessed that Rashida hated her guts now. She knew that people had mocked her position that the Iron

Dome is "defensive," even though the Zionist state was attacking its neighbors. Others stated that depriving the Zionist state of military provisions is the "most effective thing" she could do. As some had said, Zionist settler colonialism was U.S. state policy. That was truer now than ever, with the present fascist regime.

Closing the door behind her, Rashida showed her to the plush leather couch. She said she'd get some drinks from the kitchen. As she made herself comfortable, she wondered what would happen next, or why in the world she'd been called there in the first place. She didn't know. Nor could she guess Rashida's plans. If she knew, she may have not come and created an excuse to not show up. That was the whole idea. Purposely, Rashida didn't tell her. She *wanted* to get her revenge.

Suddenly, Rashida put down the towel she'd grabbed from the kitchen, then stood in front of her and took a deep breath. This would be difficult. Even so, she knew she had to do it, no matter what. She couldn't let Alexandria get away with this. "You will pay for supporting those so-called 'defensive' weapons...I won't let you get away with voting to fund the Iron Dome...those damn missiles *kill people*...they *kill* my brown brothers and sisters." The Latina was surprised at how forceful she was being. She understood the fury. She had made an error with that vote. If she ever wanted to run for President, at any point in the future, *the last thing* she wanted was to moderate her message.

She didn't have a chance to say anything before Rashida grabbed the zipper of her dress and pulled it down in one fast motion. With her dress open, all she had underneath was a bra and some panties. Staring up at the Palestinian, she opened her mouth. She was about to speak, responding to her claims. Instead, all that came out was a moan. Rashida had begun rubbing her breasts, with such fervor. She couldn't stop herself. While she wanted to stop herself, she couldn't deny that she felt turned on, and she cried out.

"Keep doing that! Oooohh ahhh!" Without any prompting, she unhooked her bra. It fell to the floor. She realized she couldn't win this one. It would be a waste to hide it. She was incredibly lucky that Rashida's children weren't there. They both would certainly have been embarrassed, and humiliated, if anyone knew what they were doing this together. At that point, they weren't under surveillance, or anything, at least not in an active way, apart from usual intimidation tactics to make them vote for fascist legislation, more military spending, and the like. That was par the course, as you could say.

Rashida kept going. She used her fingers to cup the Latina's chest before beginning to twist each tit, leading to yelps of pain. Alexandria couldn't believe this was happening. What was this woman doing to her? She could guess the reason why, but she never thought it would come to this. Was her friend going too far? Was she, perhaps, *jealous* of her? "I'll keep doing this, Alex, *until* you agree to block all military aid to the blood-thirsty Zionists, not just 'offensive' weapons." As she said those words, the Latina felt herself giving in. Her willpower was fading away. She couldn't be this damn weak. She had to be strong. She *couldn't let this happen*. After all, [she had touted](#) her record on Palestine as "one of the strongest" in Congress, backing pro-Palestine candidates, and had said her work was unrecognized.

At the same time, she was on record as declaring that she supported "defense systems" for Israel to protect itself, while supporting a ceasefire to allow humanitarian aid to be delivered,

begin of peace talks, and freeing of hostages, without *any mention* of Palestinian prisoners. At the same time, she and others condemned Benjamin Netanyahu for inflicting "extraordinary suffering" on people in Gaza and opposing "offensive aid." She had condemned the Zionist blockade of humanitarian aid into Gaza, describing it as an atrocity, calling for new ways of getting aid flowing again, and committed to stopping further arms sales. On top of that, she said that she deeply respected the human rights of all Palestinian people.

Despite these positives, Rashida was visibly *angry*. She felt that Alex was being cowardly for making exceptions to allow *certain assistance* to the Zionist state and accepting their framing of the conflict. It made her furious that it took a while for Alex to even [call it a genocide](#) (until 2025). As she twisted another one of her friend's tits, she cried out. "*I'm sorry! I should have been better...I can do better!*" While this was a good step forward, it wasn't enough. She could do so much more. She had one last method left. She was determined to use it. She knew the inappropriate right-wing [speculation](#) about her sex life, claiming she liked the shorter things in life because she laughed at them while they called her a "train wreck." That didn't matter to her. Instead, she would get her revenge a different way.

She put her hand under Alex's panties and grinned. She was glowing. "Oh my, you are so wet *for me*." She began rubbing around, causing the Latina to moan loudly. As her fingers moved faster, the Palestinian said softly, "You know *you want this*. Just take them off." Alex did what she wanted. She used her hand and pulled off her panties, which fell to the floor, on top of her bra. Only seconds later, Rashida forcefully shoved her finger inside. The pleasure overtook the Latina. She felt like she was totally losing herself. She couldn't control her voice. She had worked with Rashida so much over the years, whether introducing legislation on public banking together, visiting detention camps on the Mexico-U.S. border, or even standing together [side-by-side](#). She had deep respect for her as the first Palestinian-American woman to serve in Congress and [fellow member of the Squad](#). She had stood by her resolution [recognizing](#) that the Zionists committed genocide in Gaza, supporting an arms embargo, opposing anti-worker actions by the regime, holding pharmaceutical companies accountable, free and fair elections in Ecuador, and opposing arrest and detention of Palestinian students by ICE.

Many years before, Rashida [had called](#) Alex strong, humble, and real, and said she was "unbought" and "unbossed." Rashida was a proud daughter of two parents who were Palestinian immigrants. She was grateful for Alex for backing measures to defund the Federal intervention in Portland and other U.S. cities, stop politicians from profiting from war, oppose Zionist weaponization of humanitarian aid and using starvation "as a weapon of war," and ending use of Guantánamo Bay for migrant detention (and supporting closure of this horrid base). She was glad that Alex had co-sponsored her legislation calling for living wages for musicians, recognizing the Nakba, stopping price gouging in grocery stores, and so [much more](#). This didn't mollify her anger, however. "You are a *firebrand progressive*, Alex," Rashida began, and then continued. "...but you are supporting crimes against humanity. I won't let it stand."

Alex didn't have the energy to fight back. She wanted to say something more, but her Palestinian friend pushed her further. "I won't let you cum until you agree to block *all military aid* to the Zionists." The Latina struggled. She wanted to hold herself back.

However, all that had happened so far had weakened her. She cried out, "OKAY! I'll do it!" She *almost* felt better. Rashida said sweetly. "Thank you for your cooperation. You can release now." Alex followed what she said to the letter. Her sweet love juices spurted out. She thought it was all over. She wouldn't be more wrong. Rashida closed a nearby curtain and prepared herself for the next phase. She threw off her clothes and came close to the Latina with a grin on her face. The flummoxed Latina had no idea what to expect next.

"This is *only the beginning*, my sweet Alex," the Palestinian began. "I'm glad you [defended me](#) from some wealthy Zionists who wanted me out of office and [defended me](#) from those who censured me for my political speech. There's so much violent, racist, offensive filth from Congress and no consequences for that." She then snickered. She had one more trick up her sleeve, *one more thing* she wanted to do to get this woman to agree to her demands. She knew that the Latina might have gained millions through campaigning, but her net worth [was relatively small](#), particularly under \$49,000 dollars. So, in that sense, she had some leverage, since they were both, after all, part of the Democratic Socialists of America, otherwise known as DSA. The organization had been criticized by radicals as just putting red paint on the Democratic Party, since they wanted to increase their influence within the latter political party, despite its role in the two-party system and the maintenance of the U.S. empire. The DSA itself [was not even](#) a member of Socialist International, since some party members had embraced privatization, austerity, deregulation, and capitalism, while rejecting socialism. Later on, the DSA joined the left-wing Progressive International instead, in 2017, and had remained a member.

"You once said that forced pregnancy is a 'crime against humanity' on that awful cesspool, Twitter, so many years ago," she said, almost licking her lips as these words came out. "I agree with you. It is terrible. It is condemned by international law." She glared at the Latina. She came even closer to her, "I want you inside of me...to show you that *I'm* the one in charge here." Since she was 14 years older, she already looked up to her. She understood that her friend wanted to have control and take power back. This was something that was done among those you trust and know well, as a way to foster stronger trust and intimacy. She knew all that. She could have gotten up and walked out. She could have tried to convince her friend otherwise. She did none of that. "Okay, Rashida, I trust you."

The Palestinian smiled. Like before, she shoved her finger inside of the Latina's altar of love. This time it was different. She brought in a second finger and began pumping it every so softly, to get her friend in the mood, to make her erotically excited once again. It felt not only painless but *incredibly pleasurable*. She couldn't believe she was doing this. "I'll make sure that I take your seed until I can't take anymore...I want all your sweet juices inside of *me*." Clearly, Rashida wanted the Latina to be hers and no one else's. Alex's moans became louder and more pronounced. She didn't yelp. She didn't fight it. She didn't resist it. She *embraced it*. The pace of Rashida's fingers only increased. She didn't care if this counted as cheating on her boyfriend. That didn't matter to her.

Rather than feeling ashamed, she exclaimed. "Oooh! That feels so good! *Keep doing that!*" Her friend had set herself up in such a way that these sweet juices of desire flowed straight into her special place. At one point, her friend swabbed up some of this sticky white liquid and remarked, "This tastes sweet, with a flavor of submission...that's just how I like it." The Latina couldn't disagree. She had given in. The Palestinian could have sucked on her breasts

and tried to let the tits give her milk. She wanted to try something different instead. With the face of the Latina completely flushed, she could only cry out as this woman dominated her. She almost seemed like she had done this kind of thing before, although she couldn't confirm it. With her breathing getting heavier by the second, sweet love juices continued spurting out between her legs. She had thought that this was the end. Rashida had one last play.

She felt a bit turned on herself, as she was getting relatively full herself with all the 'seed' from the Latina. Speaking in soft and seductive voice, she suddenly declared, "you look *so damn hot*, Alex, when *you* are the one making me pregnant." She quickly followed this up. "Now I need to return the favor." She moved her fingers out of the Latina's tunnel of love and shoved the fingers into her own. She cried out, as pleasure ripped through her body. Her moans were even louder than the ones Alex had been making this entire time. Still in a bit of a daze, Alex *could only watch* as her legs remained open, with her friend's love juices spraying toward her. Some went inside of her. Some landed on her exposed skin. She couldn't think of anything else. She could tell that the dynamics had shifted in favor of Rashida: she *had become* the one who was submissive, while Rashida was *dominant*. She was on such a high that she didn't want this to stop. She wanted to keep going.

Rashida had proved herself as the train's conductor. Alex was only a mere passenger. "I want to be yours, and only yours. I'll do anything you want!" the Latina found herself saying. This was the type of mindset that the Palestinian had been hoping for. She was genuinely happy. "Kiss me then, like you *mean it*," she said between her heavy breathing. Alex did what she asked. She brought her head close and, with such intensity, smooched her friend on her supple lips. Even a day or so before, she never would have imagined this happening. But here they were, in her house, doing this. Neither one of them lost connection with reality, although Rashida was impressed at how compliant her friend was being.

As their lips remained locked together, and their hands on each other's faces, the Palestinian had one more thing she wanted to do. She moved one hand to her friend's chest and began rubbing there again, causing her to moan once more. She followed up with a second hand. All this stimulation caused her muscles to begin clenching and pressure within her entire body increasing, as her nipples became erect. "You are such *a good girl*, Alex," her friend said, pulling away from the kiss, as she started to massage each tit. Unable to hold it in anymore, a certain liquid came out of her breasts. She never believed this would happen to her. As someone who denied, rightfully so, she was pregnant and now...

Her friend interrupted her thoughts. "Oh my. You are lactating for me? I never thought I'd see the day." Only seconds later, some sweet love juices dripped out in-between her legs. She wasn't sure what to make of this whole experience. She was a bit exhausted. All she could do was be appreciative. "Thank you, Rashida, for everything...you've done so much for me...*I'm so grateful*." As she said these words, she suddenly closed her eyes and started to sleep. Her friend quickly got up afterward. She pleased with herself. She used the kitchen towel she had brought into the living room earlier to wipe down her friend's body and remove the rest of the love juices. She went to a nearby linen closet and wrapped a blanket around her. It was winter after all. There was one last part of her plan.

She walked into a nearby office which was a few rooms away. Alex peacefully slumbered. She had heard that subliminal messages have a limited impact while you are sleeping since a

person's auditory and neural senses aren't responsive, in a huge way, to complex stimuli. Even so, they can influence simple bodily functions and respond to silent affirmation. During light sleep, brains can sometimes show heightened ability to process *new* subliminal information. That's what Rashida was counting on. She set up a nearby machine to play a certain tune, with a hidden message telling Alex to not support any military aid to the Zionists. Everything was set. All Rashida had to do was wait. With this success, she was confident that her friend would do what she desired, no matter what.

End Notes

This story is further inspired by the listing on thisolderhouse for Tlaib's house, a post by supposed progressive Caitlin Johnstone (who is a bit right-wing) entitled "[AOC is a genocidal con artist](#)" (and the comments underneath), a webpage on [Arab America](#), articles in [Jerusalem Post](#), and [Axios](#), and press releases on Tlaib's official website (on [12/13/23](#), [7/31/20](#), [10/30/20](#), [2/27/25](#), [6/23/25](#), [6/30/25](#), [8/13/25](#), [6/29/25](#), and [11/14/25](#)), press releases on AOC's official website (on [9/24/21](#), [4/20/24](#), [4/4/25](#), [4/10/25](#), [5/21/25](#), [9/12/25](#), and [11/24/25](#)), and press releases by [Ed Markey](#) and [Jen Schakowsky](#).

The line "You are a firebrand progressive" was inspired by an article in [The Independent](#) while an article in [Hindustan Times](#) was a slight inspiration for the part about AOC and pregnancy. The dress AOC wears is based upon some eBay listing I found, plus a blogpost on [Trendy Girl NYC](#) since the links to pages on the sites of Bill Cost and Pretty Little Thing had expired. I had saved links to women's front-zipper dresses on zara, ann taylor, and etsy, but the links were either dead, redirected to pages of other dresses which did *not* have this design, or were unhelpful.

Lastly, I originally planned to add "Crossing the Jasmine Pass" as an inspiration, but it is not finished. However, my two ILTV fics, the first one about breeding, and the other one, which is a smutty follow-up, were added as an inspiration for the final part of this story.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!